

▼ SEPTEMBER • 1995

A SUMMER BARBECUE

See page 7



Calgary Spare Change's ed greanya gets squished a little between friends Amey (left) and Crystal (right) while Sheyardia is happy with her cone.

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NEWS • of the World

Personal conferences for the needy

Not a good week for conference organizers. In Plymouth a seminar entitle How to Cope with a Crisis was cancelled because the guest speaker became hysterical when his house caught fire. He was crying 'my Linoleum's burning' down the phone," explained the seminar manager. "I told him not to panic but he just screamed Fatima Whitbread over and over. I won't be using him again. In Madrid, meanwhile, a conference on Controlling the Temper Within was abandoned after delegates started fighting. Trouble started during a yoga demonstration by Mr Sundej Panti. Mr Panti, 47, had just

assumed a complex position which involved placing his legs behind his head when a thunderous fart rent the air. An audience member shouted "Panti's parped!" at which the tangled yoga expert unfolded himself and charged at his accuser, shouting, "I am not wind". "All hell broke loose," explained one eyewitness. "Panti was hitting the man and shouting 'control is all', and then everyone else joined in." Seventeen delegates were later arrested. "They touched something deep within," said the organizer proudly.

When the shark bites, it's a love bite

Around the world, sharks have been getting ahead, literally. In Indonesia a pearl diver was diving for shells when a shark grasped him around the head. "It was very gentle," explained the shaken victim. "More like a kiss than a bite." Fortunately he wasn't seriously hurt, unlike Fijian fisherman Thomas Atotay who woke up to find a shark in his bed. Mr Atotay, 43, and his two crewmen were sleeping on their boat when the 12-foot shark leapt on board and flapped its way into their cabin. "I saw something in Mr

Atotay's bed," said one of the crewman. "But it was dark and I thought he had found a girl for love. They were bouncing and I watched secretly, for I like that sort of thing." He was alerted to the true state of affairs when the shark dropped onto the floor with his employer's severed head in its mouth, at which he picked up a club and killed the creature. "I suspected something was wrong," said the horrified crewman. "She was bigger than most girls, and had fins."

Church robbers face tough justice

Church robbers have at last been getting their comeuppance, as witnessed in Liverpool recently when a burglar nearly drowned in a pit of donkey manure. "Our church is surrounded by poo-filled holes to deter vandals," explained one parishioner. "It's very effective." Still more dramatic was the fate of American burglar Stephen Miller, who spent three days trapped beneath a half-tonne statue of the Virgin Mary. Mr.

Miller, 16, of Connecticut, was robbing a local chapel when the accident happened. "I'd just cleared the altar when I saw the statue," he explained. "I don't know why, but I thought 'Let's have a dance,' so I hugged it and it fell on me." Despite repeated cries for help he remained trapped for almost 70 hours until he was discovered by a cleaner. "God don't take no shit," said the contrite kleptomaniac.

TV games shows have sickening results

American Jonathan Schmitz found taking part in the Secret Admirers segment of the Jenny Jones' Show a lot hard to take. Mr. Schmitz, 24, had expected his secret admirer to be a blonde "baby doll". On discovering it was actually a 6'4" Greek construction worker he went berserk, following the latter home and shooting him dead. Less terminal, but equally humiliating, were the experiences of a group of female contestants on a Japanese show called Drink Till You Drop. The essence of the program was to drink as

much alcohol as possible in the space of an hour. "All went well until the creme de menthe, advocaat and shampoo cocktails, when one of the women was sick over the camera," explained a member of the audience. "Then she tried to make us chant 'Up the arse!' but we booed her. Another contestant wet herself, two attacked a cameraman and one passed out. All seven women were later hospitalized for alcohol poisoning. "They acted like drunks," said the show's incensed producer.

Above articles compiled by Paul Sussman in *The Big Issue*, London England's street-sold magazine.

Linda Biggs

BY GORD POSCHWATTA

Door to door delivery in Saskatoon

Linda Biggs began selling **Spare Change** in Saskatoon about a year ago, in order to raise money to buy a headstone for her still born child. After raising over \$400.00 by selling round the clock, the supplier of the stone gave Linda a discount to cover the rest of the cost. Linda has continued to sell the paper, for grocery money and for clothes . . . here is her story.

Linda was born and grew up on a farm in southern Ontario. Her childhood life was quite a blur, a lot of work around the farm, doing chores and the like. Her relationship with her parents leaves her confused, "Now-a-days they call it child abuse, back then we didn't know what it was", she recalls. She left at 16, running from home, from school, and the life of problems. Linda lived on the streets, just doing what it would take to get by.

Then she got a job, part time at a lumber yard. Most of her money was spent on alcohol, most of her free time at the bars, and she became an alcoholic. When she got laid off at the lumber yard, her life returned to the streets. When she drank, stress went away. Nothing mattered, till the alcohol wore off.

3



Looking for work was especially depressing, Linda remembers. Endless days of walking from place to place, being rejected over and over and over. Linda began to think that she would never get work, she was to stupid and dumb, and after all, never had the experience they were looking for. Not having finished school added problems. She wasn't really able to read or write functionally. A few drinks can make those problems disappear, at least till the next morning.

Linda met Phil at a restaurant in Dunville. He thought she was a mute, because even when he addressed her, she would not speak. She just sat quietly, staring out the window. Finally they did talk,

and Phil convinced her to come live at a group home. Even the night before Phil picked her up, she got hammered. It took a long time of recovery till Linda felt normal again. Even sober, she still didn't have work. She married Phil 5 months later and moved to Saskatoon to start a new life.

Now they have been in the Saskatoon area for 13 years. Linda is still looking for work, but she hasn't had a drink ever since. That has been really hard, sometimes the desire to have one has been incredible to resist, she says.

Spare Change has changed things for her; it makes her feel good. "That's my job, and I enjoy being out amongst the people, talking to people, learning about what they do and stuff."

Linda has a unique style of selling the paper. She goes around business to business and offers them the paper. "I'm not scared to ask questions, if I have them, I just ask. And I don't even think about drinking, I'm happy to do what I do."

Two years ago Phil and Linda started New Start Ministries, as a way to help people on the street. **Spare Change** is one of the programs offered by New Start in Saskatoon. Growth is very slow, but Linda, who works on New Start programs when she is not selling the paper, is determined to make it work.

Linda Biggs makes a delivery to one of her regular paper buyers.

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The people who bring you **Spare Change**

This newspaper exists because of the efforts of the people who sell it to you on the street, the vendors. For our vendors **Spare Change** is a job that helps them to be independent and self-employed. Each issue we highlight one of our vendors in Vendor Profile to let you know a little bit about the people who bring you **Spare Change**. ♦

Luke the life-size doctor

BY JOHN ZAPANTIS

Luke, a life-sized doll, lives on the 2nd floor of the Boyle McCauley Health Centre in Edmonton. He's an entirely different kind of physician, who expressively carries an authoritative-looking appearance and a firm commanding glare. He's supervised the floor with his stern stair for the past three years since he was created and donated by sculptor Edwin Jean Dorothy Wallace.

He originally came to the health centre for the Works, but he just stayed, becoming a permanent resident. Dr. Hubert Kammerer one of health centre's physicians invited Edwin Wallace to bring Luke to the centre. A local magazine ran a piece on Luke and he received many numerous visitors during the Works back in 1992.

Visitors often ask about the old-time physician's name, and

staff proudly laugh or smile and introduce him, Luke.

Children take an immediate liking to this character, Luke the practitioner. But he has also been known to give people a start, including the janitor at the centre, who would look up from the floor noticing the life-like doll, sitting in his nook and staring him straight in the eyes.

Dr. Kammerer also happens to be the husband of Edmonton's mayor, Jan Reimer and he recounts one of Luke's earlier adventures. "I took Luke

home for a few days. On the way home I had to pick up Jan, and she wanted to drive. So Luke sat in the front of the car and I sat in the back, while Jan drove around with a very life-like character in a top hat beside her. I am sure some people thought she was driving around a VIP and showing him the city."



BY ROCKY MEHE

The end of smoking in provincial jails in Alberta is drawing near. The Alberta government's "no smoking" policy could be implemented some time in September for both inmates and staff. No more tobacco will be sold at the canteens. Once the supplies run out, that's it; no more! Inmates have already been stocking up, but when the supply runs out that's it for them too.

Guards and staff at the Remand Centre will have to go outside the building for their smoke break. Some guards point out they aren't happy with the policy either, as they now smoke in the building and when there is trouble they are the ones who have to stop the trouble.

Smoking tobacco regularly is an addiction. Like any addiction, stopping abruptly, going cold turkey, has its negative consequences, like withdrawal symptoms that include a high degree of irritability, stress and tension. In an already high-tension environment, the no smoking policy will be highly explosive. People smoke to calm their nerves, but when you take away their smoke, what happens?

"As a chronic smoker, I feel it's a cruel draconian policy that imposes on the incarcerated smoker more punishment for the already pun-

ished man," says Albert, a detainee in the Edmonton Remand Centre.

Another detainee, Joe, served time in Dorchester Penitentiary 30 miles from Moncton, in 1989 when they implemented a no smoking policy. The inmates rioted and destroyed everything in sight at a high cost to taxpayers. The incident brought back smoking. Does the government want this extremity to happen here? Time will only tell.

Mitch, a detainee in the Edmonton Remand Centre, awaiting trial, has been writing letters to tobacco companies to gain their support to hire a lawyer to go to court to challenge the government. Mitch writes: "The only we have in order to relieve stress, is a cigarette. You must remember that out of 600 inmates, 75% smoke."

"I feel, as many others do," that the repercussions (of a no smoking policy) are going to be very devastating, both to staff, as well as inmates. When dealing with the stress and tension here at E.R.C. the outcome will be very costly to both parties. This is a very gloomy picture of what may well lie ahead."

This article, written on paper towelling was smuggled out of jail recently.

4

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Spare Change at the market

BY LINDA DUMONT



As vendor number 0035, I work Saturdays at Edmonton's Old Strathcona Farmers' Market. It's quite different from selling the paper out on the street. At the market people are selling a wide variety of products, everything from home baking, meats and fish to fresh fruit and vegetables, handicrafts and fine art. Buskers are also part of the scene, the fiddler, the accordian player, the face painter. Spare Change and I fit in quite well.

I arrive at the market before 8 am. Already, the place is bustling with activity as vendors unload their wares and few early customers shop to avoid the crush later in the day. I exchange greetings with many market people at their booths as I walk past. Since I am a weekend distributor of the Spare Change to other Spare Change sellers, as well as a newspaper seller myself, I have several hundred extra copies with me to be purchased by other paper vendors when they run out over the day.

Before I start work I stop at the table of Vriend's Organic Farms to pick up a regular donation of potatoes for the

Linda sold fresh salmon and fresh Spare Change

inner city street ministry where I am "Pastor" and an active volunteer. The potatoes will be handed out during the week in emergency food hampers.

My husband, vendor number 0030, and I have market as our Spare Change location, but another vendor usually works in the back, too. Lonnie, number 0038, received an extra bonus as back door vendor, a gift of honey from Meadow Sweet Farms.

Some of the market sellers are regular Spare Change customers; others buy when I buy something from them. The ice cream seller gives a discount price on ice cream cones for all market sellers, including Spare Change people. There are even some market vendors who have shown an interest in selling papers when their sales are down. Essie Stocks of Stocks Berry Farms shows her support for the paper by getting a copy almost weekly.

My son, who recently graduated from Dance Performance at Grant MacEwan College works selling fresh

Flowers for news?



BC salmon. When he takes a break, I double selling fish. After yelling "Fresh BC Salmon" for fifteen or twenty minutes, I find myself back trying to sell "Fresh Spare Change" and "Spare Change Fish".

The market is easily wheel chair accessible, so it attracts people in many different styles of wheel chair. Some are regular readers of our paper. Diane always has a radiant smile, though I have to help her get her money out, and put the paper in a bag on the back of her wheel chair.

When I can't get a sitter, my younger daughter comes to work with me. She spends her time going from market stall to stall and reporting back what she's seen.



Photos: by Linda Dumont

"Mom, I found a dragon cup." She was all excited, and insisted that I come to see it at the Quatrefoil Designs display. The next week when I was selling my papers as usual, the artist came by and handed my a package. It was the dragon cup, a gift for my daughter!

By three in the afternoon the stalls are being cleared and I prepare to go. I usually have accumulated some things to take home, small donations, purchases even pamphlets and business cards. One elderly gentleman comes by to share his latest poetry with me and gives me copies.

Saturday at the market. Quite the day.

Dennis Vriend contributes fresh potatoes.



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One mistake and out?

In 1990, my thirtieth year I decided to become more stable and settle down. That same year I found myself in prison. In jail for something I had done when I was sixteen.

When I came out of prison my life began to go down hill. The company I worked for before I went to prison hired me back, on very part-time, one shift per pay period. I found a job at a local newsstand, the people were very kind. They trusted me with the whole store. Then they sold the store, the new owner would only hire me at half time and a wage cut.

The next year found me unemployed and then employed for long enough for the employer to find out I had a record. This continued until I was offered a contract position with a company. The next thing I know I have my own business with little money to start. Within six months, after 3 contracts and small jobs, I

was unable to collect from a client. I couldn't do the marketing necessary to sell my business and my business failed.

Now I find myself, three months later, selling this newspaper and selling advertising. I have not been able to collect U.I.C. or welfare. I have a heel spur and some other health problems and I even find myself depressed. In three months my residence will be gone, my home has been sold.

I wonder at times about things. How different my life would be if our society believed in forgiveness? Or, if I could just get that one great opportunity from someone who cares, again.

Thanks to this paper I have. I feel good as a vendor. They've even encouraged me and trusted me. But is there anyone else out there?

**WILLIAM ZELENSKY
EDMONTON**

Recover well worth it

Enclosed is a subscription for a year for the newspaper. My sister-in-law, who works uptown and purchases the paper regularly, has been passing them on to me knowing that the subject matter is very close to my heart. I'm one of the lucky ones, an alcoholic/drug addict who got it together after 23 years of abusing, and before I lost everything.

I lost my relationship with my children and I lost my self-respect. Eight years ago I started piecing it back together. It is a slow, tiring, and painful process. I have a great deal of respect for those who are taking the first step toward recovery.

There are many people in our society who are willing to support the efforts of those who are in need and willing to help themselves. I found the mental, emotional and spiritual support I needed to begin my recovery through two sources. The first was the twelve step recover program. The second was the Alberta Alcohol and Drug Abuse Commission (AADAC). These two resources, coupled with support from the agencies that

help take care of physical requirements, food, clothing, shelter, hygiene and medical needs are a sturdy foundation on which to base recovery.

Me, I have been clean and sober for eight years now. I like myself and what I stand for today. I have a full time job that pays quite well. It's the same job I was in danger of losing when I started looking for help. I spend a lot of my spare time doing volunteer service work, helping teenagers and their parents deal with the struggles of the 90's. I also spend a great deal of time helping those seeking recovery from addiction to drugs, alcohol and gambling. I thought the task would be impossible when I first started out, but by connecting with some others who were sharing the same experience I learned the things I had to do to accomplish my goals and gained their support through my desire to help myself.

Keep up the good work, Spare Change, and all of you vendors who are working so hard to help yourselves. I wish you good fortune and god's blessing.

D.G. HANNA

In Memoriam

BY SEAN O'HAGEN

Some of the most important and directly effectual people and events that affect our community go unnoticed. Some people, in a quiet and unassuming way, affect positive changes in our lives.

One such person was Marg Cheyne. Marg was eighty when she died in her sleep July 1. She had just recently retired as a volunteer with the Court Assistance Program provided by the Elizabeth Fry Society of Edmonton. For the past fifteen years, Marg gave freely to those who found themselves in conflict with the law. Her compassion and understanding helped alleviate the fear and confusion felt by many who faced the mystery and often aloof insensitivity of the judicial system.

I spoke with Marg shortly after her retire-

ment, at the beginning of this year. The main reason for retirement she said, was "those doors at the courthouse were just getting too damned heavy for me." Before she left to rush off for lunch with a friend, Marg summed up her fifteen years at the courthouse by saying, "People haven't changed a bit, they're still just as scared as ever. There's just so many more of them today."

I only met Marg once, but the impression was indelible. If I ever feel my spirit weaken or the pressure of our society overwhelming, I pray that her words will surface to kindle that spark of truth in people that seems to be lost today.

A well-attended memorial service was held July 5 at the Zion Baptist Church. Donations

in memory of Marguerite Cheyne are being accepted by the Elizabeth Fry Society and the Firefighters' Burn Treatment Society in Edmonton.



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Smoke free jails and the injustice in the system

BY SEAN O'HAGEN

I came to Edmonton in 1964 and it has been my home ever since. I have stayed out of politics as best I could but I am getting sick and tired of watching the crap that's being dished out by people who show nothing but contempt for those they are supposed to represent. What will it take to make the people in this province see the abuse of power and the erosion of our constitutional rights?

We all share the same rights and the same rules and regulations. But this is not always apparent when we see our government or justice system in action. When the rights of a single individual are threatened, abused or violated and nothing is done to correct that wrong, a precedent gets set. This precedent gives a green light to every manipulative, greedy power-monger in society to repeat the offence.

April of last year gave Canada, and the world, an insight into our federal penal system in action. The video tape that was taken during a cell search in the segregation unit of the women's prison in Kingston was degrading. If this video tape had been smuggled out of some third world country, secret police file, or the archives of the S.S. in Nazi Germany, it would have been no more palatable,

but a little easier to accept. The bottom line with that one, and I have copies of the correspondence between the Commissioner of Corrections Canada, and the office of the Investigator, Corrections Canada, leaves a lot to be desired.



recommendations for changes, the Commissioners reply supported the action that was taken by the warden and the staff. Their view was that the action was appropriate to deal with the "dysfunction" on the unit.

Is this saying that if a person in the workplace can't solve a problem, or feels that they are losing control,

can they call it a dysfunctional situation and use violence to solve the problem? Maybe this is only allowed when you wear a uniform?

You may not be a smoker, and never ever broke a law in your life, but please don't ignore the proposed smoking ban in our provincial correctional institutions. Some bright spark, or sparks, in the justice department, who must have missed the Kingston tape, want to go for smoke-free jails. I hope this idea is based on inexperience or a concern for the health of the inmates and staff. If it's a health concern, take that concern a little further, please, and study the anatomy of a prison riot. It's a pretty ugly sight.

When the smoke-free jails announcement went public I noticed that it was made clear that this did not originate from the office of the justice minister, Brian Evans. Nice move, Brian. You saw the tape; now when it hits the fan you can tell us you had nothing to do with it from the start.

I'm not a radical. I'm not trying to overthrow the government (they're doing a fine job without me). I would like nothing better than to be left alone, so that I can spend my deKLEINing years writing works of fiction. Writing about the stark horror of the real world can be a little unsettling at times.

Summertime and the livin' is easy

BY ED GREANYA

Oh, those lazy, hazy days of summer! Now that the days are growing shorter and people's tans are fading in the glow of fluorescent lights, it's hard to believe that those summer holidays we spent so much time planning and looking forward to are now reduced to snapshots in the family album. One of the highlights for Calgary Spare Change vendors was the annual barbecue.

Many of the people who showed up for this year's barbecue have been selling the paper for some time and the atmosphere was more like a get together for an extended family than the company picnic. There were homemade salads and chili to add to the hot dogs, hamburgers and corn that was cooked on the grill. People roasted marshmallows on the bonfire and when Crystal brought out the ice cream, stuffed picnickers struggled, and mostly succeeded, to find room.

It wasn't all serious eating though. Calgary Spare Change co-ordinator, Ed Greanya managed to get a face full of some combination of pop and ice cream and he quickly retaliated with a tamer, but wetter,

attack of his own. Then there was Warren, who almost got thrown into the river, and the sword fight between Crystal and Cory.

So, as fall and the routines of school and work settle back in, we invite you to let these snapshots of a summer's party bring back the warm memories.

Claudette Languedoc

Our annual picnic is my way of saying thank you for a job well done and to thank the Calgary Spare Change vendors for allowing me the privilege of serving as co-ordinator. People often ask me, "Who are these people?" I cannot tell enough people that the Spare Change vendors are real people with hopes and dreams just like everyone else. Often these hopes and dreams have been shattered by circumstances beyond their control such as illnesses, poverty and rejection. The next time you meet a vendor on the street, look for his or her name badge and say hello. These people need your support in other ways beyond just buying the paper.

Thank you to the buyers of Spare Change in

Calgary, Edmonton and Saskatchewan. This employment program would not be possible without your kind and generous support. So many of you have regularly contributed to the lives of some great people.

The real heroes are the dedicated people who bring you the newspaper in minus 20 degree weather or pouring rain. Thank you, vendors, for a job well done.



Spare Change

Helping People Help Themselves

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BY ROSALIE ANDERSON

"You don't have to go through this alone. There is help out there. Don't be afraid to come out of your hiding place!"

She is known on the streets as Midnight. 'Midnight', the word invokes thoughts of darkness and as her story unfolds, it becomes painfully obvious Midnight's life has indeed been bereft of sunshine. Pain, blood, needles, suicide attempts, alcohol, drug and sexual abuse were not just words to Midnight, but rather her close companions from early childhood. Through IV drug use and sharing needles she contracted the HIV virus. Midnight has chosen to share her journey, hoping that it will help others with HIV or AIDS. If she reaches just one person out there she feels that her efforts will not have been in vain.

I am an aboriginal person. I'm infected with HIV, the AIDS virus. I became infected through IV drug use. I have been an IV drug user for over ten years of my life and I am 32 years old. I led a very unhealthy lifestyle. I used to be a prostitute. I used to lead a very dysfunctional life, always in jail or going to jail - not a very good lifestyle.

All I ever knew was how to fight, how to hurt people. I never knew what love was because I never had love shown to me as a kid. I was into three foster homes. My Father used to beat on my Mother in front of us all the time and I used to see blood all over the place from her.

My whole family abused me. My older sister and two older brothers sexually abused me. I was a very angry person. I tried to talk about it but it's just like people didn't believe me, you know, and this really made me discouraged. So as I was growing up I thought, "Hey, what the hell" - so I went into drugs and prostitution. I got into prostitution at the age of 14. The first time I went out with someone I felt dirty, unclean, not worthy.

I didn't really take precautions. I did use condoms when I was on the street but I always shared needles with somebody else. In March of 1993 I had the AIDS test done at the request of my doctor because he knew the type of life I led. At that time I had the attitude that it wouldn't happen to me; like I was this big tough macho Midnight that nothing could hurt.

DO IT! WHAT NOW?

A couple of weeks later my Doctor phoned me and told me to come into the office. I went in to see him and he told me he had some good news and some bad news and asked me what I wanted to hear first. I said it didn't matter, I didn't care what I heard because I thought to myself that I don't have it anyway, I don't have AIDS or HIV. I didn't know anything about HIV or AIDS at that time. (After I was told how it was contracted, how I was able to get it, I still didn't comprehend it). Then he told me that I was HIV positive and that I was going to die. I was shocked, like I was totally shocked! The good news was that my infant son did not have it. A person should have counseling before an AIDS test because if that test is positive, guaranteed that person will be going on an emotional roller coaster and that roller coaster will be going so fast that you won't know what hit you.

The last time I ever stuck a needle in my arm was the time that I was going to OD (overdose). My son was 18 months old and I was in the bathroom. I had two grams of cocaine and I was going to shoot it all and just get it over with; but I heard this little voice saying to me, "Hello Midnight, you still have a little kid", and then I heard my son crying on the other side of the door and I thought, "Midnight you may be dying of AIDS but you still have someone who needs you and you're still here". That's where my life started to turn around.

To be needed by those close to us can sometimes nourish our inner strength. Encouraged by the desire to give her son a better life than she had known, Midnight decided to seek help. She went to see a counselor who was able to get her into a treatment centre for women with addictions. As Midnight began to 'straighten out' she felt a tremendous need to meet another person who was HIV positive. "I felt all alone. I felt like I was the only person who was infected." Through her counselor she was able to meet another single mother who shared the same experience. "And when I met this person I was so grateful for her. It was a relief for me, to see someone else who was positive. To let me know, hey, I'm not the only one! The way I look at it, nobody should feel they have to die alone - there should be someone there regardless of whether it's your next door neighbour, if it's your friend or somebody that you love."

Midnight is saddened by the knowledge that there are so many people out there with HIV or AIDS who could be leading a much better, happier life if they would only seek the

support they so desperately need coming forward, for she has live

They're afraid of discrimination, they're afraid that people will see them like dirt, like it's a total disease, won't even let me in their car because that people are afraid to come out and help".

There is so much ignorance and
lic needs to teach the public; even
are we going to do, are we going to be
ignorant too? Are we going to let
HIV and AIDS because we are too
about it? Are we going to give them
that they can go out and do the same
that they can end up in the same
be broken somewhere and build
Native heritage way.

The Feather of Hope, an aboriginal Society, helped Midnight find the means of chipping away at the ease. As a regular volunteer she assembled information packages for the Society. Going out into communities to inform others about an important part of Midnight's life.

Midnight has been off IV drugs. She is coming to terms with her HIV diagnosis. She finds the support they offer useful. She has knowledge of HIV and AIDS which she can pass on.

"I live it. I talk to kids about other people who are positive. I group. Everybody' has to have a have to go through this alone." be afraid to come out of your audible she adds, "It's hard, it's out."

Feather of Hope is located at
The AIDS Network of Edmonton.

BACK TO SCHOOL

BY HEATHER STUMP

What does back to school mean to you? Is it designer jeans and outrageous amounts of school supplies for your kids, or is it new running shoes and a hair cut? We have a tendency to only think of such things, we've become commercialized. However, at The Learning Centre in Edmonton there is another aspect to going back to school. The Learning Centre is an adult literacy program which provides opportunity to those who want to learn and develop their reading, writing and mathematical skills.

Being an adult and not able to read or write is an embarrassing and frightening experience for many. Bill Kelly has been a student at the Learning Centre for one year. "When I first came here, I could not read the word one." Having worked on a farm in his early years, education was of no great importance. Bill can read books now! He has also written a great story. He enjoys being able to learn at his own pace. Bill also attended a conference, available to him through the centre.

Academic learning can be difficult when other issues require attention too, so friendship groups have formed within the centre to provide support



printed. She is a board member and has advanced to become a peer tutor.

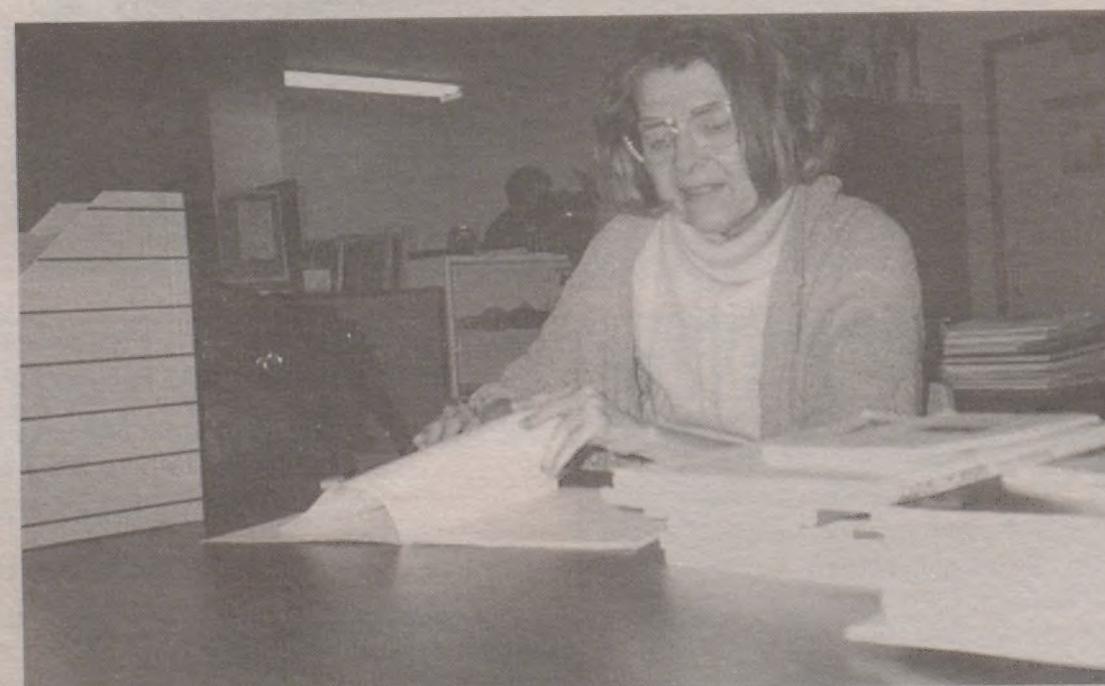
The students set their own goals. Jim Kroswell's goal was to write his autobiography like his father and grandfather did. With a grade six education, it's taken a lot of hard work. He has now achieved his goal and is eager and confident to reach other levels of achievement for himself. His writing

and not on what they can't do! Herb Katz works at the centre as well and says, "schools have become institutionalized and we stay away from that here!"

The Learning Centre was established in 1981 by Sister Beryl. She had a dream of a place for less advantaged and less fortunate people to go to learn how to read and write. Her dream came true, the learning room doors opened and eventually grew into the Learning Centre, which in 1985/86 moved into the basement of the Boyle Street Co-op. With Co-op's recent move the Centre now operates out of the YWCA until a permanent home is found. They have grown tremendously; in 1994, 136 students attended the program. For back to school this year, 85 students have already registered.

Back to school for those involved at the Learning Centre means learning with friends and support. It means facing fears and challenging yourself. It means achievements and success and learning with a passion.

Support International Literacy Day held on Friday, September 8, 1995, noon at City Hall in Edmonton



for one another. Joyce Porteous is a student at the centre and a member of the women's group. "We do fun things as well, we have made a quilt together which is on display." Joyce is working on improving her mathematical skills. She has also written letters to the Editor at the Journal and got one

expresses a lot of feeling.

Teachers, students, tutors and volunteers all work together to provide a comfortable and friendly atmosphere so everyone can benefit. Mary Norton is a reading specialist who works at the Centre. She explains the importance of focussing on what individuals can do

Garage Sale Mania

BY MARJORIE BENCZ

In most communities, garage sale season runs from the time the snow melts in the spring, until the first snowfall of winter. On any given weekend in Edmonton, people pick up a copy of a local paper and begin looking for great bargains. A select few have bumper stickers saying their vehicle "stops at all garage sales".

My youngest daughter Lyssa, who is only ten, has been an avid garage sale shopper since she could walk. Nothing pleases her more than finding out how much beautiful junk she can collect for one dollar. This beautiful junk is collected in her room, and she has been doing this for several years. You can imagine her room! She loves to barter. If someone is asking fifty cents for an item she is quite prepared to offer twenty or twenty-five. I confess that I, too, have purchased my fair share of items over the years: dishware, curtains, plant pots and lawn furniture.

Last spring, Lyssa persuaded me to host our own garage sale. For her, it would be the thrill of the season; for me, it was a lot of work.

Announcing that you are going to have a garage sale is like announcing that you are expecting your first child...everyone has recommendations on how to prepare for the big day and everyone has a horror story to share. I am going to share with you the true story of hosting a garage sale.

The first thing on my "to do" list was to clean up the garage. We have lived in the same house for over eighteen years and have carefully stored



everything that we haven't used. I found lots to include in the sale.

My second task was a trip to the Licence Unit of the City of Edmonton (496-5233) for a garage sale permit. A permit costs \$10.00 and is good for up to three consecutive days. I have no idea what happens if you don't get a permit, but all of my advisors told me to get one. I also placed an ad in the paper.

All of our family were asked to review their earthly possessions to see what they could contribute. One daughter cleaned out her books and stuffed animals. Another found toys and games. There were several chairs, a typewriter, tools, household items and a set of bunk beds. My sister said she would love to enter into partnership with me. (After all, I was present when her daughter was born, why shouldn't I allow her to experience my garage sale with me?) She cleaned out her home and arrived at my house with everything from furniture to baby items to electrical fixtures. She needed a half ton truck and a car to deliver her

items to my house. I quickly offered her top dollar for several of her finds.

Two days before the sale, I began pricing. I priced things to sell, or at least I hoped that I had. This required much more time and effort than I had anticipated. For example, what is a

record worth, or a mixed-matched set of dishes? What would someone really pay for a brown light switch cover? In my frustration, I labelled some items "free to a good home." After all, if I had not used it in the last five years, perhaps was of little value to anyone.

I should warn you that people begin arriving the day before your garage sale begins in hopes of getting the best buy. Our event was planned for Saturday; however, our first potential customers

arrived on Friday evening. They wanted specifics on items that we had for sale and even wanted to preview. I politely smiled and invited them back for Saturday morning.

On the big day, people arrived early. Lyssa and her cousin insisted that I could take my coffee into the house as they wanted to supervise sales. I went into the house for a short time. I think Lyssa did a good job of bartering on our behalf with the exception of selling our trailer ice box for three dollars. To this day I still haven't told my husband.

Overall, we had a good day. We sold a lot and had a good visit with a number of neighbours who stopped in to see what we had for sale. We made a couple hundred dollars and donated a number of unsold items to charity.

Does anyone want to join Lyssa and me next Saturday morning as we make our rounds? Now, that's garage sale mania!



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Festivals more about people than about music

BY KEITH WILEY

"You're so big!" Cape Breton fiddler Natalie MacMaster told the crowd, and she got a chuckle, a rising big chuckle from the thousands of people gathered before her. It was just a huge crowd at the Edmonton Folk Music Festival this year.

The phenomenon seems to have reached a new peak with over 40,000 people crowding on to the hills for a huge city event. Folk music, well, popular music really, is the draw, but it's also the spectacle, the with-it-ness, the gathering that counts. All the colourful orange and blue tarps on the grass, the slick brown mud, the blue sky and the downtown skyline, it really is a spectacular skyline from Gallagher hill at sunset, make the festival a visual delight. And the beautiful people. A new fashion

and a hat, for sun and rain. There's many generations here too. How heartening it must be to the now grandparenting hippies, to see the teenage girls and boys with long flowing hair and



beads. How many kids there were with dreadlocks, the tangled up hair that represents anti-fashion as much as the

They call it a folk music festival, but most just call it the folk festival, and a festival of the folk is what it really is. Sometimes it seems the music is just a backdrop, a pretext for a huge social

gathering. Less than a minute inside the gate I run into Rick, it's one of those essential folk experiences, meeting year, or, in this case, "Geez, it must have been about ten years." I catch up with Rick, he lives in the city, too, always has, our paths aren't crossing like they used to, when Rick worked

very hard in the anti-nuclear peace movement of ten and twelve years ago.

Rick's a veteran folk festivaller: "I guess I've missed 2 or 3 festivals. It's sure not like the first two or three years — those were great times, you knew everyone, very friendly. What a party." Rick still parties, but he admits, "I was a lot younger then, maybe that's why it's was so much fun then."

"This is really a peace festival," Edmonton songwriter Bill Bourne told the assembled and yes, the flowers and love feeling still permeates a bit, a faint incense perfume from decades past. Tie-dyed shirts, long skirts.

The peace politics, the radical statements, it's pretty laid back if you notice it at all. Irishman Ron Kavana sings Maria de la Rosa about the Spanish granddaughter of an Irish volunteer who fought in the Spanish Civil War. Loreena McKennit sings a lifting ancient sounding song of love for trees and nature. But this current is still there and still sets a tone.



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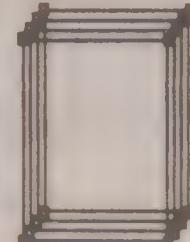


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Emily via the Greyhound Bus

BY ALLISON RYDD

The young woman named Emily - at least she still looked the part and generally got called "this young lady" or "that young lady" - managed to make it into the tiny washroom cubicle before the flood of nausea broke the dam and erupted from her throat. It was all she could do; both her muscles and her will dissolved into mush as the torrent spilled onto the toilet seat and the metal bench around it. Even when her stomach stopped heaving, she was weak in the knees. That and the rolling of the bus brought her down to a crouch as she propped herself against the wall. Yet her heart was pounding and her mind was racing.

Everything's out of control. What's going to happen to me now?

Finally, she was able to stand up again. She raised her eyes from the level of the slush in front of her to the mirror which filled the back wall of the cubicle. It was remarkably splatter free.

Her face seemed pale in the mirror, tinged with green - distortion perhaps, considering all the metal and tinted glass around her. Even the camouflage t-shirt which pulled tight across her breasts looked gray.

Whether pale or green or gray, it was the same smooth, heart-shaped face, with pointed chin, high, wide cheekbones and broad forehead looking back at her. The same waves of long dark hair - even her classmates at the girls' school had admired her hair. The same oval eyes fringed in black and the same small, slightly pouting mouth. She noticed that her lips were slightly parted in what Marty - he'd been the one most likely to make such a comment - called her "Lolita look".

She firmed up her lips as she remembered how he'd have said that, his tone somewhere between being indulgent and sneering. There was another faint

spasm of nausea. She willed herself to look back at the toilet bench.

Fortunately it was early in the day, so the dispenser was well-stocked with paper towels. None of those little foil packages though, darn it. She'd welcome them right now. For their antiseptic lemon scent. Still, since she had to deal with this mess regardless, might as well be thankful for the towels and for the fact that water actually came out the spout when she turned the tap.



Someone rattled the doorlatch, and she gave the door a sturdy whack with the flat of her hand to tell that someone to bug off. It hurt of course, and she felt some kind of relief from the good clean pain.

Who was it had said the definition of an adult was "cleans up own vomit"? Not the sisters, surely, though they'd lived by such rules and taught them as well, not always with a gentle hand.

Emily squared her shoulders and got down to it. After all, taking charge of her own life was one thing this trip was about. He'd said she needed him too much; as far as she could understand, that was why he'd asked her to leave.

The paper towels were tightly packed and at first came out only in scraps; finally she wrangled out some larger chunks, enough to make a start. This is for you, Jeremy.

She could scarcely remember when she'd been sick like this before; it probably hadn't happened since she was a child. Even when she was pregnant she hadn't been sick either time. Except no, that wasn't being sick. Those other feelings of powerlessness, of nerve endings raw . . . yet carried away by joy too, at times, almost outside her own body with wonder, that was being in love.

But where are you now, lover?

Where were any of them? She fought the desire to laugh hysterically, to cry. Leaned the back of her head against the wall behind her, braced herself against the roll and sway of the bus, the smell, the sound of sloshing liquid from the tank beneath the floor. As she was regaining strength to prove she could be a grown-up and worthy of Jeremy's love, any-

body's love. Though she longed fiercely to be a child.

Mommy's hands, used to feel so good, rubbing my shoulders. Just like magic. Like Kookum's hot soup and bannock. Such a long time ago.

Another spasm, but this one didn't catch her by surprise. She pinched her nose, lifted the toilet cover, and aimed into the black hole in the middle of the bench.

More rattling of the door handle.

"You died in there?" demanded a man's voice, roughly.

Screw you.

Again, she wanted to laugh. It was so typical of how it was between her and

men. She hated the jerks or she let them break her heart.

"Thinkin' about it," she whispered. Her arms were still shaking and her eyes full of water, but she managed to finish cleaning up her mess in about two minutes flat. Of course, there was still the smell, and her mouth tasted foul . . . But the "Please do not" signs warned her that the water wasn't fit to drink.

She grinned sarcastically up at the guy scowling into her neckline as she emerged from the washroom.

"Believe me, I did you a favour."

That brought his eyes away from his survey of her breasts, which perspiration through her light t-shirt had seemed to emphasize.

"Huh?" Then he took a whiff. "You're kidding," he said with disgust.

May your you-know-what shrivel up and die.

She gave him back scorn for scorn as her glance swept over him. Wrinkled cotton shirt over almost-white t-shirt, scanty fringe of sandy hair bordering his Adam's apple. New-looking toolled leather belt cinching his waist, where his waist should have been, a belly which also tested the strength of his shirt buttons.

Again, she was reminded of Martin Jr., Marty for short. Not that he was ever that far gone - not while she knew him anyway. He had recurring nightmares about sprouting a pot-belly.

Marty's anxiety had made sense in a way. Since he was always trying to be the hero. Imagine Humphrey Bogart not able to see past his belly button, Sir Lancelot unable to mount his horse. Remembering Marty's fears gave her a feeling of power, so she scowled at the belligerent stranger before she strolled back to the seat she'd blindly abandoned twenty minutes before.

The story of Emily Via the Greyhound Bus continues next month.

COMMUNITY • News

CALGARY

Calgary Urban Project Society

- Volunteers needed to work with Calgary's street population. Opportunities available for front line service delivery and nurses. Call 221-8789.
- Donations of work boots, running shoes, jeans, sweat pants and men's socks and underwear are needed. Call 221-8790.

Spare Change Calgary

- Looking for writers who are willing to help in the development of material for the newspaper. Call Ed Greanya at 221-8790.

EDMONTON

- Spare Change includes this free notice section for good causes. SEND YOUR NOTICES, 30 words or less, to our Calgary or Edmonton offices by the 10th of the month. Space is limited, some notices may not be published.

The Bissell Centre

- Bissell Child Care needs large diapers, small spoons and forks, construction paper, natural fruit juices. If you can help, please call 429-4126.

Narcotics Anonymous

- Drugs! Have you tried to stop, but can't? Narcotics Anonymous is a group of recovering addicts who can help. Call 421-4429 (24 hours) for more information.

Union Theatre, Die-Nasty

- Thanks to Ian Ferguson of Union Theatre, for giving Spare Change vendors passes to the weekly, improvised soap opera, 8 pm at the Chinook Theatre, 10329-83 Ave. ♦

WASHROOM with a VIEW



HUMOUR BY KAZ

Baby, Kaz is at it again. I'm sitting here in my fourteenth floor washroom with a view, atop my solid ivory toilet seat, looking out over the beautifully polluted city (a real sign of progress, honey) as I struggle with the result of a late night feast of 100% pure Alberta rump roast. The roast was supplied by a rancher friend of mine, a strapping fellow who, despite being in the rural cattle business, hasn't spent a day away from the race track since 1967, the summer of love. Ah, the sixties.

Let me tell you something, sugar. Kaz is elated. Kaz is optimistic. Kaz has the heartbeat of the commercial universe pumping through his Armani swaddled chest.

Sweetheart, Kaz is a daddy.

It happened last week, and Mrs. Kaz is already back at work. As you may know, she is vice president in charge of research for Riverdump Consolidated, a firm dedicated to finding creative ways for businesses to pour waste into rivers without being caught by those friggin' government agencies, or, even worse, those damn citizen groups.

Mrs. Kaz is a good woman. She pumped out Kaz Jr. on Monday night, and by 9:00 on Tuesday morning had already fired three underlings who had missed an afternoon of work because of "hauntavirus." Gotta love her.

You know, jackpot, I've got a lot of plans for

DADDY KAZ

Kaz Jr. He's not going to be one of those babies who spends all of his time sleeping. "It's a hard world out there," I told him last night as I was showing him the NordiTrack. "You've got to have the edge, son. You've got to be able to destroy the other babies, to let them know immediately who wears the diapers around here."

I started him on an exercise program that night. He's not going to be one of those fat babies. "Fat people don't get anywhere in this world," I advised him as I led him through three sets of fifty sit ups.

"Thank god you're a boy," I sing to him as he goes to sleep.

Ah, sleeping baby. As he lies there in his Tom Clancy

pajamas, wrapped in his J. Paul Getty baby blanket (a hand-me-down from my own infancy, darling), under his Rush Limbaugh musical mobile, I think of the great future before him.

I picture a world where our side has finally won outright. I envision a Darwinian global society where all are Haves, where the Have Nots have finally died off, leaving the entire planet to people with enough acumen to make a decent profit from alien businessmen who arrive for some good old fashioned interspecies free enterprise.

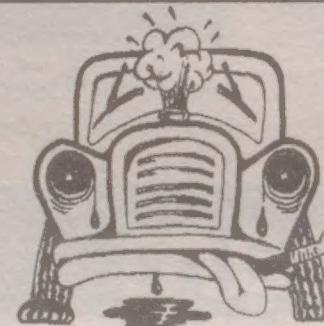
This is the world I want for Kaz Jr., sunshine. This is the world I'm working to create. These are the values I'll pass on to my son.

And now, my work here in ivory is finished. Kaz looks forward to sitting above you next time.

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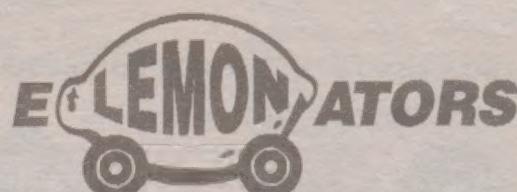
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Dangerous Minds

BY DEANNA DOUGLAS

"Dangerous Minds" sounds like a promising picture. It's a true story that takes place in an inner city school. Most of the actors who play the underprivileged kids were recruited directly from the streets, not film industry screening rooms. The screenwriter (Ron Bass) also wrote "Rain Man" and "The Joy Luck Club", and the director (John Smith) directed CBC's "Dieppe" and "The Boys of St. Vincent". And perhaps most promising of all, LouAnne Johnson, the teacher portrayed by Michelle Pfeiffer ("Batman Returns") was directly involved in the production.

That combination pays off in a number of respects. The result is a fairly fast-moving piece that brings the viewer a picture of the ups and downs —



some of them permanent — of getting emotionally involved with kids from the inner city.

"Dangerous Minds" does take the time to round out some of its characters beyond

the stereotypes. It reminds us that people who end up on the street often start out that way, and have an uphill battle ahead of them if they want to get out. Some of the real casualties of the system are here too, demonstrating that no solution, however well intended and carried out, works for everyone.

It must be pointed out, however,

that we have seen all of this before. Yes, "Dangerous Minds" does a better job of doing so than some of its predecessors. And it is a rather entertaining film. But it would be refreshing to learn more not about the teacher who beats the system, but about the kids who try — whether or not they succeed.

LouAnn Johnson provides a classic hero success story that the media loves to bring us, complete with some Hollywood style touch-ups here and there. We have witnessed the struggles of countless white middle-class protagonists just like her overcome the odds in many a movie.

Life, however, is much more complex than that and naturally abounds with many different kinds of stories. Here at Spare Change we try to present you with a few different perspectives every month.

Next time you go to the movie theatre or the video store you may want to check out "Dangerous Minds". But I would like to challenge you to push yourself a bit further and find a film that lets you into someone else's world. "Boys N The Hood", currently available on video, or the overlooked but very strong recent release "Smoke" do just that. Give them a try, and be sure to tune in next month!

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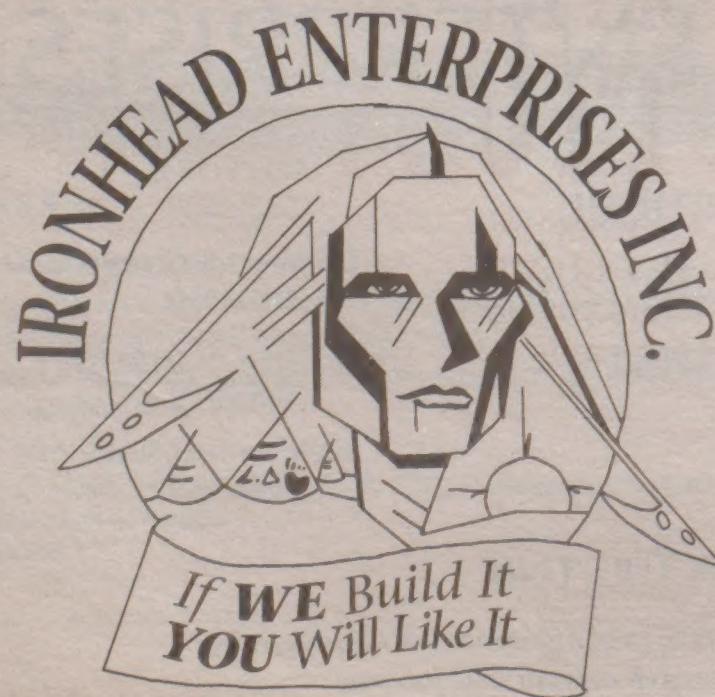
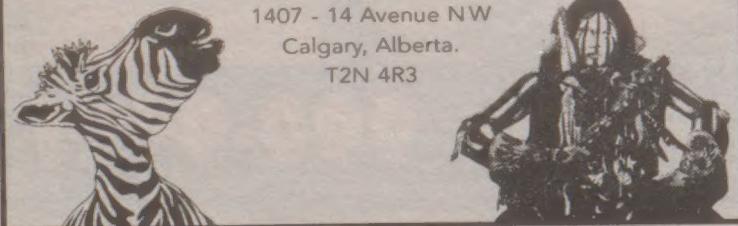
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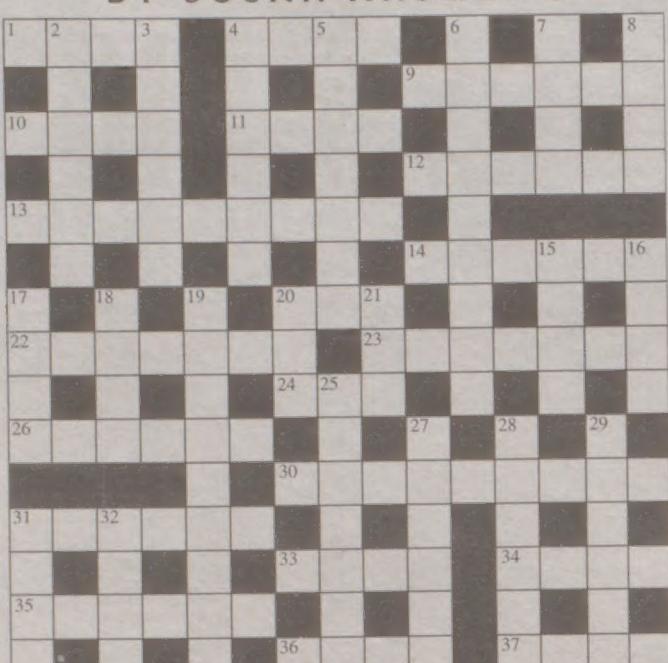
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ACROSS

- 1 To agitate (4)
- 4 Footwear with punch? (4)
- 9 Thorny tree (6)
- 10 Dull person's tool? (4)
- 11 Watermelon's skin (4)
- 12 Secreting organs (6)
- 13 Wail of despair (9)
- 14 Think deeply (6)
- 20 Gamble (3)
- 22 Type of coffee bean (7)
- 23 Not into it, Rae? (7)
- 24 Bottoms up! (3)
- 26 Disliked quiz (6)
- 30 Pleasing to the senses (9)
- 31 Oh? (6)
- 33 Egg on a drummer (4)
- 34 Racehorse's pet (4)
- 35 Think it's funny (6)
- 36 Ruse mixed up (4)
- 37 Otherwise (4)

BY SUSAN ANDREWS



DOWN

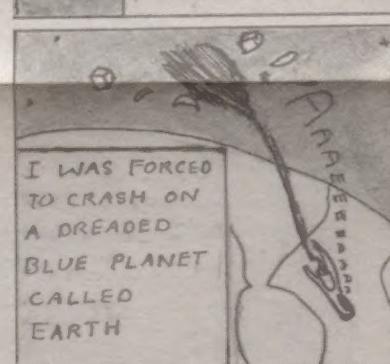
- 2 Throat (6)
- 3 Spun a big fishy tale? (6)
- 4 Crew messes up (6)
- 5 Blow one, cause consternation (7)
- 6 Mollusk patterned after itself (9)
- 7 Small religious painting on wood (4)
- 8 Largemouth fish (4)
- 15 Dorothy's self-contained pattern (4)
- 16 To wander (4)
- 17 Help from a tidy one (4)
- 18 Mature buck (4)
- 19 Melted in rain (9)
- 20 Flying mammal (3)
- 21 Gratuity (3)
- 25 Lightly fried mixed eggs (7)
- 27 Movie from 80s, huge flop (6)
- 28 Noisy jewelley (6)
- 29 Sheepish noise (6)
- 31 Hind end (4)
- 32 To border on (4)

Answers to August Crossword #19

SILKY	BALLAST
FLE	AIB
OLIVE	AGMETRE
LUP	N.B.
TAMB	OCEAN BRIC
A	REW A H
GIRAQ	P STATE
E	O TANT C
BROOM	T BATH A
S N P A R	L
HEMP	NAV VY GROG
A O B L O	E H A
CADRE	M I CHOIR
K E A	D R D Y
BLADDER	QUIET

► Puzzle 20 answers will be published in the October issue of Spare Change.

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Working with rocks



BY C WATSON

Full-time Calgary sculptor Brian Pawlak has arranged his life well. He goes out to play every day. That's one way to describe heaving tons of rock around, working with pneumatic tools, and wearing a protective mask to avoid fine dust. He also lifts weights to stay in good condition and protect his back from injury. But, Pawlak is happy. He's working in stone these days. "I think stone is a fantastic medium," he says, "I'm in love with carving in stone!" He has worked in bronze, fibreglass, marble, sandstone, alabaster, and once did "a fun piece in slate," he says. He has also enjoyed watercolors.

Even better than doing work you like is being able to share skills and knowledge with others who do the same thing. Last year Pawlak and a small group of sculptors created an international organization to promote stone sculpture. This year 12 members

of the newly formed Stone Sculptors Guild of North America will create sandstone sculptures in Prince's Island Park for the guild's first symposium. Starting August 15 they have only six weeks to work on the theme: Time and Space.

The public is invited watch stone gradually come to life during this time. At the discretion of the artists, people can also try their hand at sculpting. Free Wednesday evening presentations at the Glenbow Museum will cover topics from health and safety in stone sculpting to music in stone.

For this first symposium Pawlak has created four huge, droll sandstone gargoyles which support a planter. Petro-Canada has donated space for viewing them August 29 to October 16. Pawlak worked on each block after taking a long time to get a feel for what to do with it. He says, "I let the stone direct me. I accommodate it. Each sculpture is

unique because the idea is in the stone itself. I have to bring out that idea."

It takes a few years for a sculptor to develop. Pawlak (43) has been working at it for 15 years, learning from others, creating his own approach, learning from mistakes, realizing some dreams and yet still nurturing other ones. He has a Master of Fine Arts from Otis Parsons School of Design in Los Angeles. But, "I returned to Canada in 1980 to become a Canadian artist," he says.

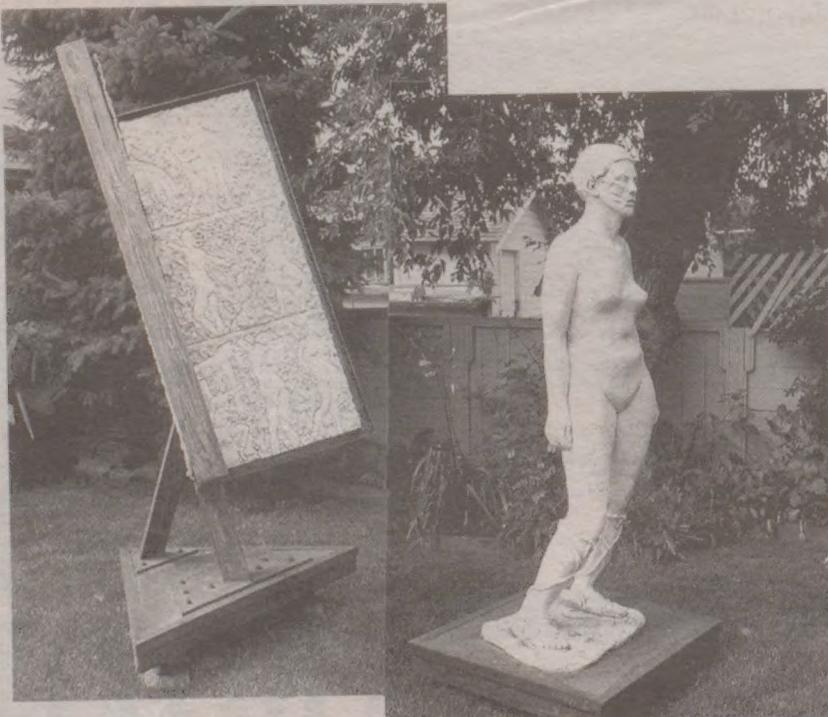
Eventually his frustration with the lack of good stone here led him to spend six months in Italy in 1993. He took three months just to carve the prized white marble in Carrara on the west coast. He shipped back a little to Canada — about 5,000 pounds of it.

Learning to sculpt in stone has meant, "You learn from someone working on it and you teach yourself," says Pawlak. That is, until now. There is the

idea that guild members can encourage and teach others. Formal courses are non-existent as far as he knows.

Pawlak continues to learn and develop. He aims to design sculpture parks and gardens that display works properly in a natural environment. So he is taking a major in landscape design at Olds College, Alberta. He has studied sculptures, architecture and gardens in England, Ireland, France, Belgium and Italy.

There are several things on Pawlak's mind these days, apart from the logistics of moving sandstone boulders from new housing developments to Prince's Island Park in time for the symposium. He'd like to see stone sculptures command the prices they deserve as long-lasting works of art. And he'd like to encourage architects to consider using more local sandstone as art in their buildings.



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